



Things I Didn't Know I Loved

*after Nazim Hikmet*

I didn't know I loved goat sausage  
until I ate it on a Saturday at Heyday.  
I didn't know my heyday when it happened,  
but maybe there's another on the way.

I didn't know I loved being right  
until someone said I wasn't when I was.  
(I was not in my heyday when this happened.)

I didn't know I loved the river  
until I touched the limestone canyon with my hands  
and scribbled field notes and sketches  
before having lunch with friends beside the falls.

I didn't know I loved to be alone  
until I stayed behind one night in Paris,  
reading by myself in the apartment four floors up,  
to the tune of someone else's jazz across the courtyard.

I didn't know I loved goldfinches,  
did not know they nested here,  
until I saw them in the backyard  
of a house that was for sale.  
I bought that house to feed the yellow birds.

I didn't know I loved to leave before the party's over  
until I stayed too long, too long,  
and felt the scene go cold and crumpled.

I didn't know I loved to drink rosé  
until I had a glass at dinner with my daughter  
who, at twenty, doesn't know yet  
all the things she doesn't know she loves.

—Tina Karelson  
November 2014  
Minneapolis

Cornelius Krieghoff, *River Gorge, Stratified Limestone*, 1858.